

"plows under" the hero and his halo, for it is the season for planting potatoes. The earth is full of buried glory. Ten years hence the "glory" for which the father of Pietro's pictured orphan died will be but fertilizer.

No, you find no glory of war in these faces we present above. In the old woman's you find but the heart wrenching pathos of total loss, in the child's, "Why did you kill my daddy? What will become of me?"

The glory of war is to die bravely for something or other, and be forgotten soon; to make the aged who have earned peace and happiness with those they reared and loved glad to die; and to rob children.

That "glory," in ninety and nine cases out of a hundred, is a fake, a brutality and a theft. God hasten the day when men can no longer be debauched into giving their all for it!

## SHORT ONES

Those Mexican leaders show good judgment in coming to this side of the line to plan revolutions. They may get pinched, but that beats standing with your back against an adobe wall and looking into a row of ciphers.

With all those bombs hidden in cargoes, travel to Europe on liners is almost as dangerous as canoeing.

Coroner Pete Hoffman wants a street set aside for beginners to run their autos over. He probably would station a few deputies along the line and save hunting all over town for remains.

Mexico City is invested again and it's a cinch that whoever is investing in it this time never will get a dividend.

Someone else threw a bomb at the sultan of Egypt. Those fellows would better look out or they'll get sore arms.

—o—o—  
If it's in style, anything looks like a hat to a woman.—Judge.

## THE PUBLIC FORUM

### OUR LOCAL CELEBS

By Roswell F. Connor

Just bear in mind that you can find Celebs in this metropolis.

The middle west turns out the best; I here append a partial list.

That B. L. T., we all agree,  
Has made himself a name.

Of course, you know, we all help him, so

To fail would be a shame.

I here must urge you read Sandburg,  
Whose poems are just splendid.

He's a modest chap, don't care a rap,  
If some do get offended.

We do detect in one, Ben Hecht,  
A writer unafraid.

He can discuss without a fuss  
The war and foreign trade.

Our Clarence Darrow sometimes  
does harrow

When on Nietzsche he discourses.  
But just the same he's gained wide fame

Battling for the working forces.

There's Masters, too, brings something new

From a place he calls Spoon river.  
These Master tales in some details  
Make one sit up and shiver.

This John Rhudlan I never saw,  
He writes some charming verse.

But Jim Mannee we daily see,  
His lines are short and terse.

Do not forget, there's others yet,  
I most forgot Sam Keiser.

He knows the game that leads to fame,

Each year he's growing wiser.

### OUR JUDICIARY IN CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

— Notwithstanding all agitation the "trust press" and that other hypocritical reform(?) ass'n, the Chicago Bar ass'n, has created in favor of a "nonpartisan" judiciary among the ignorant and credulous, we find from the atti-